1: Leitner L-3 (1866-93) 1893? AV3 Dard AV3

527 tial element in the celebration of the day by people whose
184 ancestors may have been retainers of the Gilgit Raja Azru Shemsher, and by whom they may have been dismissed to their homes with costly presents.

"The song itself is, however, well known at Gilgit.

539 "When Azru had safely ascended the throne, he ordered the tyrant's palace to be levelled to the ground. The willing peasants, manufacturing spades of iron, 'Killi,' flocked to accomplish a grateful task, and sang whilst demolishing his castle:

ORIGINAL:—

Kúro thyto Shiri-ga-Badát éjé kurò
[I am] hard said Shiri and Badatt!' why hard?
Demm Singky Khotò kúro
Dem Sing's Khotó [is] hard
Na tshumdre khlle thy rdke phala thèm
[With] this iron spade thy palace level I do
Tshakè! túto Shatshò Malika Demm Singky
Behold! thou Shatshó Malika Dem Singh's
Khotò kurò na tshumare killèyi
Khotó hard; [with] this iron spade
Thy rake-ga phalatèm, tshakè
Thy palace very I level, behold!

TRANSLATION:—

"'My nature is of a hard metal,' said Shiri and Badatt. 'Why hard? I Khoto, the son of the peasant Dem Singh, am alone hardy; with this iron spade I raze to the ground thy kingly house. Behold now, although thou art of race accursed, of Shatsho Malika, I, Dem Singh's son, am of hard metal; for with this iron spade I level thy very palace; look out! look out!'"

527 During the Nauroz [evidently because it is not a
524 national festival] and the Eed, none of these national Shin songs are sung. Eggs are dyed in different colours and people go about amusing themselves by trying which eggs are hardest by striking the end of one against the end of another. The possessor of the hard egg wins the broken one. The women, however, amuse themselves on those days by tying ropes to trees and swinging themselves about on them.

[1] Elsewhere called "Shiribadatt" in one name.

1: Leitner L-3 (1866-93) 1593? AV3 Dard AV3
Burusho AV7

little stones of any shape—the longest and oval ones being preferred—are used. There is one kind of stone especially which is much used for that purpose; it is called "Balósh Batt," which is found in Hanza, Nagyr, Skardo, and near the "Demídeldèn" hill already noticed, at a village called Pareshinghi near Astor. It is a very soft stone and large cooking utensils are cut out from it, whence the name, "Balósh" Kettle, "Batt" stone, "Balósh Batt." The stone is cut out with a chisel and hammer; the former is called "Gútt" in Astori and "Gukk" in Gilgiti;" the hammer "toú" and "Totshúng" and in Gilgiti "sam-denn." The gunpowder is manufactured by the people themselves.*

The people also play at backgammon, [called in Astóri "Patshis," and "TAKK" in Gilgiti,] with dice [called in Astóri and also in Gilgiti "dall."]

Fighting with iron wristbands is confined to Chilasi women who bring them over their fists which they are said to use with effect.

The people are also fond of wrestling, of butting each other whilst hopping, etc.*

To play the Jew's harp is considered meritorious as King David played it. All other music good Mussulmans are bid to avoid.

The "Sitara" [the Eastern Guitar] used to be much played in Yassen, the people of which country as well as the people of Hunza and Nagyr excel in dancing, singing and playing. After them come the Gilgitis, then the Astoris, Chilasis, Baltis, etc. The people of Nagyr are a comparatively mild race. They carry on goldwashing which is constantly interrupted by kidnapping parties from the opposite Hunza.

* "Powder" is called "Jebati" in Astóri and in Gilgiti "Bilen," and is, in both dialects, also the word used for medicinal powder. It is made of Sulphur, Saltpetre and coal. Sulphur = dantzil. Saltpetre = Shór in Astori, and Shorá in Ghilgiti. Coal = Kári. The general proportion of the composition is, as my informant put it, after dividing the whole into six and a half parts to give 5 of Saltpetre, 1 of coal, and ½ of Sulphur. Some put less coal in, but it is generally believed that more than the above proportion of Sulphur would make the powder too explosive.

13: Heber and Heber D-3 (1914-25) 1926 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4
Dard AV3

departure. These mattresses placed on the ground, with our own bedding on top, provided comfortable and warm beds for the cold nights of early spring. And what pictures the words early spring conjure up in this part of the world. The snow is still low on the great mountains all around, but the mid-day sun is already hot, and the sky is an azure blue, flecked with white fleecy clouds.

Riding along the bare hillsides with the rivers hardly yet beginning to rise, their sources still icebound, round some corner suddenly comes into view a little gem of a village. The leaves are not yet in bud, but the apricot trees are in blossom, a veritable pink and white fairyland. At the approach is generally a picturesque *chorten*-topped gateway, often flanked with gay blossoming trees, and all about the village the little newly-melted rills with early green peeping out from the banks add their joyousness to the whole scene, set in a background of blue sky and snow-covered hill with distant white peaks peeping over. Sometimes we spent the night on a roof, partially covered or walled-round in places, sometimes a room was given us, and once even the portico of the village temple, where all night long a gay goddess painted on the wall never ceased to pluck at her stringed instrument as we slept at her feet, while at dusk our own feet were stepped over by a young attendant who went in to trim the temple lamps.

After a week of trekking we turned up a side valley which leads to one of the villages, whose inhabitants are exculsively Brogpas; but one also finds some of these people living scattered about in the ordinary hamlets of Ladak. On the road from Srinagar to Leh, Brogpas are met with in Dras. Here they are all Mohammedan, whilst in the village of Hanu the predominating religion is Buddhist. They are said to have originated from Gilgit, where they no doubt played the national game of polo and later introduced it to Ladak, in which a good many villages now have their own polo grounds.

4: Durand G-3 (1888-93) 1900 AV1 Kashmir AV1
DARD AV3

this year, a couple of boat-loads of men being lost. Two years afterwards Robertson lost the whole of his kit, specially got together for his exploration of Kafiristan, a couple of horses and about twenty men going down at the same time, owing to the officer in charge having allowed the boat to be overloaded. Luckily for Robertson he was not there, having gone up-stream to look at a bridge site for me, but it was an expensive way of having the lesson rubbed in that you should never in wild countries permit other people, however well-meaning, to take charge of your baggage.

The road led up from the Indus through a bare plain to the Sai valley and passed through thousands of acres of once cultivated land, now almost entirely abandoned. We halted to breakfast and to pass the heat of the day at Damot, a village at the mouth of the Damot nullah, famous for its markhor ground, in an orchard which was a great natural arbour bound together by countless vines. Amongst these, making at a distance a lovely picture, little naked boys played and swung on loops of vine; close at hand they were too dirty to be even picturesque.

We passed on the road a group of Balti coolies, who threw themselves at my horse's feet in a body, and prayed for help. There was nothing I could do for them at the moment, though the mere fact that I enquired into their grievances had, as I afterwards heard, a good effect, and got them dismissed to their homes, but Robertson stopped behind to see what a little doctoring could do. It was not much; the men, fifty-three in number, were the remains of a body of a hundred coolies who had left Baltistan six